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MONDAY, MAY 13, 1907.

The Development of Hughes.

It is quite obvious that Gov. Charles
E. Hughes is growing in the estimation
of the public. Practically unknown
prior to his sudden rise to prominence by
reason of the insurance investigations, he
has so conducted himself since that
time as to create the general impression
that he is not only able, but sincere and
"square." Now, unbiased observers of
the political situation are beginning to
see in him a Presidential possibility who
may very easily develop into a proba-
bility without any effort in that direction
on his own part.

It is characteristic of the American peo-
ple to admire and put in high places men
who do things. President Roosevelt him-
self is a conspicuous proof of this. Mr.
Hughes has been doing things ever since
he was selected to conduct the proceed-
ings against New York's big insurance
concerns. Especially since he became
governor has his propensity for decisive
and effective action manifested itself. No
other Republican who is now regarded as
a candidate for the Presidential nomina-
tion equals Mr. Hughes in this respect, a
fact which may have very considerable
weight before the party's standard bearer
is named next year.

The situation with reference to the New
York State executive being just as it is,
the dispatches announcing that he is to
be pushed as a candidate for the nomina-
tion are of unusual interest and signifi-
cance. There is no doubt of the govern-
or's popularity with the people in his
State, and in the event of a campaign to
secure a solid Hughes delegation to the
national convention it is plain that the
politicians, should they desire to prevent
such a consummation, would find that
they had an exceedingly difficult task on
their hands. Those politicians—the ones
who have dominated the party heretofore,
but who now seem to be aware that
Hughes is master—are not in sympathy
with President Roosevelt, and it is
by no means probable that they would
favor Secretary Taft, assuming that that
gentleman continues to enjoy the support
of the Chief Executive. The possi-
bility of any less fortunate candidate
commanding the strength of the big New
York delegation, if a serious effort is
made to instruct for Hughes, is hardly
worthy of consideration. In a word, it
now appears that the convention vote of
the Empire State is Hughes' for the ask-
ing, and that nobody will have reason
for surprise if the governor develops into
a most formidable aspirant for the honor
of leading the party in the fight to be
waged next year.

The circumstance that Gov. Hughes is
no more popular with the old State ma-
chine than is President Roosevelt will
not detract from his strength, in our opin-
ion. The old-line Republicans gave him
only lukewarm support, at best, in the
gubernatorial campaign, but the result
showed that the people were for him.
Perhaps a part of the Democratic vote
cast for him would have been withheld
had the situation with reference to the
Democratic nominee been other than it
was, but it is none the less a fact that
Mr. Hughes was highly esteemed by the
better class of citizens throughout the
State, and that he would have made a
highly satisfactory showing under any
circumstances.

Unless all indications are at fault, Mr.
Hughes' strength is increasing constantly.
As we see it, candidates for the nomina-
tion—even Secretary Taft, with his ad-
ministration backing—will do well to keep
their respective eyes on the gentleman from
New York.

"I will not stand for re-election," says
Senator Platt. Which is very well, as it
is not at all probable that New York
would stand for it, either.

The Burden of Wealth.

It is a trite saying of the philosophers
—designed, perhaps, as comfort or com-
pensation for the poor—that riches do not
bring happiness. Few of the poor are
sufficiently philosophical quite to believe
the aphorism; nearly all of us feel that
we would like to have a trial at happi-
ness with the accompaniment of wealth.

There have been few more striking in-
stances, however, of the burdens of great
wealth than that offered by millionaire
Charles M. Schwab, who, in his hunt for
happiness, thought that the possession of
a more costly palace than those of his
millionaire brothers might help. So the
palace was built; it cost \$3,500,000; it
has been one of the show places of New York,
but happiness was not there. Mr. Schwab
and his wife both found that the owner-
ship of a palace entailed onerous and
burdensome duties, and the place is to be
sold at a sacrifice.

The life from which Mr. Schwab is suf-
fering will never be felt by many of us.
The burden here is not heavy, and proba-
bly, never fall upon our shoulders, and
we who live, love, and laugh in our
humble spheres may take some comfort
from the thought.

We may remember, with Longfellow,
that—
"These grains of gold . . .
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower."
Mr. Schwab will sell his palace and will
try to find a home. There, at least, the
majority of us have the better of him,

and we who find the real things of life
beneath humdrum roof-trees need have no
envy for the costly mansion, one of the
burdens of wealth.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson says he re-
fused to have an interview with the Pope
feeling "about two feet high." It would
be a real benefaction to mankind if his
holiness would grant Mr. Lawson an
interview about once a week.

A King in Trouble.

While one European monarch is join-
ing his people in rejoicing over a do-
mestic event of a particularly satis-
fying nature, another is entangled in
household troubles which can hardly fail
to bring sympathy from even the hard-
est heart.

This unfortunate ruler is the King of
Italy. His woes are of a kind which will
cause his case to appeal to a wide circle
of ordinary masculinity, regardless of
democratic contempt for royalty and roy-
alty's dolings. If the writer of a Rome
dispatch to the New York Times is to be
believed, King Victor Emmanuel has
suffered long because of the leech-like
tendencies of his wife's family. Queen
Helena's mother, brother, and sisters, it
seems, have concluded, so suddenly as to
attract notice, a visit of considerable
length to the royal palace. The begin-
ning of their stay was marked by an im-
mediate increase in the outgo from the
palace exchequer, due to a little habit
contracted by the King's in-laws of
making purchases and "charging" them to
his majesty.

The King, with more or less reluc-
tance, paid out some \$50,000 on such
accounts, but drew the line when there was
presented to him a bill of \$10,000 for
an automobile ordered by his wife's
brother. Thereupon the royal gorge rose,
and the in-laws were informed that the
bank was closed. Thereupon, also, the
expensive relatives left the palace in
high dudgeon, leaving only a coolness
between the King and Queen as a re-
minder of their late presence. Queen
Helena, whose life is said to be not alto-
gether happy at best, felt the incident so
keenly, according to the veracious chroni-
cler, that she declined to meet the King
and Queen of England on the occasion of
their recent visit.

It is not a pretty story, nor yet one that
is wholly devoid of instructive features.
We leave to our readers the task of ex-
tracting the various morals, pausing only
to remark that our old friend David
Harum made no mistake when he ob-
served that there is as much human
nature in some folks as in others, if not
more.

Hon. Hoke Smith says he will have only
twenty-five colonels on his staff when gov-
ernor, and they must know the differ-
ence "between a sword and a turpentine
ax." Anybody who now doubts that the
Hon. Hoke is a real reformer cannot be
convinced that the sun shines.

The Drug Trust Prosecution.

For no reason beyond a desire to keep
the record straight, we are impelled to
call attention to the circumstance that
the credit for the institution of proceed-
ings against the drug trust, which pro-
ceedings were brought to a successful con-
clusion recently, is due primarily to a
Washington druggist and secondarily to
a Democratic member of the House of
Representatives. The Department of Jus-
tice is to be commended for what it did
in the premises, but its measure of praise
would be greater had it not, to borrow
a few words from the book of Penypacker,
contempered celerity with altogether too
much caution.

The local druggist, who, as an "inde-
pendent," long ago incurred the displeas-
ure of the so-called trust, it appears, was
persecuted to an extent which would seem
incredible were it not for the existence of
documentary proof of an indubitable
character. This proof was brought to the
attention of the Department of Justice
some years ago, and the aid of one or
two statesmen of prominence was en-
listed in the effort to bring about the
commencement of legal action. The ef-
fort was unavailing. At one time, the
papers were pigeonholed in the depart-
ment for a whole year without, so far as
appeared on the surface, the slightest at-
tention having been paid to them.

The Democratic legislator who inter-
ested himself in the matter and helped
materially to induce the Department of
Justice to move in the premises is Oscar
W. Gillespie, of Texas, the original au-
thor of the Tillman-Gillespie resolution
under which the Interstate Commerce
Commission has conducted important
railroad investigations. Failing to obtain
assurances of a government prosecution
from the officials of the department, Mr.
Gillespie offered a resolution in the House
covering the matter, and was preparing
to push it through, as the railroad resolu-
tion had been pushed through, when the
legal authorities decided to file suit
against the offending combination.

These statements are submitted, not
with any idea of detracting from the
trust-busting abilities of the Depart-
ment of Justice, but merely that the pub-
lic may know the facts in the case, and
be in a position to bestow credit where
credit is due.

An Oklahoma Republican paper an-
nounces that it "will not lie for the Re-
publican party." Unwisdom will not com-
pletely vanish, however, until the paper
further binds itself not to tell the truth
about it.

Negroes Who Owned Slaves.

It doubtless will surprise a rosy num-
ber of people, more especially of the
younger generation, to learn that the
negro owner of slaves was not unknown
before the civil war. While not especially
numerous, there are well authenticated
cases on record showing that the negro
was not wholly averse, when possessed
of the means and the opportunity, to
dealing in his own flesh and blood.

Discussing this subject in the Columbus
(Ga.) Enquirer-Sun, Mr. J. J. Wood, of
that city, says:

"I knew a free negro man by the name of Bob
Parker that owned and worked negroes. This negro
lived in what was known as the Northern Liberties.
Bob ran a day time here, owning his hands and
drives. He also owned negro women and children."

"A negro woman by the name of Dilsey Pope
owned her husband and hired him out. I remem-
ber her husband offended her in some way and
she sold him to the late Col. Seaborn Jones."

"Joe Clark, a negro barman, owned and worked
negroes that he bought."

A number of other Southerners have
personal recollections of similar instances,
though we never before heard of a case
of the husband being the personal prop-
erty of the wife. Under the law, how-
ever, this was entirely possible, and
doubtless the statement here in point is
true. Being free herself, the Pope woman
was entirely and completely within her
legal rights in purchasing, if she cared to,
any negro husband of her choice that she
might find for sale. Undoubtedly, she
had the further right to sell him, as it
appears she did. To cap the climax, she
had the legal right to thrash him, should
she decide that he deserved it, and he
was estopped from resisting. There
doubtless were many queer and grotesque
incidents connected with the institution of

slavery as it existed in the South before
the emancipation proclamation—most of
them and, some bright and not unattrac-
tive.

As the reunited nation progresses fur-
ther and further from the unhappy and
bloody conflict of the '60s, both North
and South are showing a decided inclina-
tion to look deeper into the history of
those days and the causes leading to war.
The established institution of slavery will
furnish a splendid field of research for
truth-seekers, and hundreds of peculiarly
interesting incidents in connection therewith,
doubtless, will be brought to light.

Alfred Austin says there are no poets
in America, and Mrs. Humphries says
there are no gentlemen. It will be admit-
ted that Mrs. Humphries is as good a
judge of American gentlemen as Mr. Aus-
tin is of American poets.

The Irish are very much dissatisfied
with the new home-rule measure. The
trouble seems to be the usual one—little
joker in the bill.

The Macon Telegraph laments the non-
existence of the photograph in ancient
times, believing that we should now be
able to see Cleopatra's "How long, O
Catalina!" had it existed. We fear our
contemporary is uselessly worried. The
chances are that the Ciceros of the time
would have given scant attention to the
instrument, and we should be forced to
listen instead to ancient Chancellor Days
and George Fred Williams.

Peace was thought to be firmly located
in Ohio's midst until some one looked
around, and there was Mr. Longworth,
"waiting at the church."

The Charleston News and Courier thinks
a Texas year equals in length three years
elsewhere. Perhaps it doesn't, really; but
doubtless it seems so.

"Whatever else is wrong with Senator
Foraker, they do not refer to him as
Uncle Joe," notes the Memphis News-
Scimitar. Certainly not; there is only one
"Uncle Joe" in this country, and he is
copyrighted.

"What has become of the Green and
Gaynor case?" asks a contemporary. Why
should one seek to know?

"To a man up a tree, it looks as if Ohio
is for Taft," says Mr. William Leeb.
Perhaps Mr. George B. Cox will admit
that it also looked that way to a man up
a stump.

A scientist predicts that automobiles will
be unknown ten years from now, and that
every one will travel in airships. If this
man ever runs for office, he will get the
entire pedestrian vote.

The proper punishment for the watch
tramp magistrates would be a sentence to do
time in some penitentiary.

That Connecticut man who reports hav-
ing seen a red-headed octopus may not be
prevaricating. Between the President
and the courts, the octopus has had
enough trouble to make it red-headed.

It is to be hoped that the person who
discovered a heretofore unpublished Ibsen
manuscript will turn his attention now to
something else. Sometimes the discover-
ing business is not a good thing to fol-
low.

"Instead of zippering around in auto-
mobiles, people prefer to howl at the umpire.
There is no accounting for tastes," says
the Birmingham Age-Herald. But it only
costs 25 cents to sit on the bleachers and
howl at the umpire.

Bernard Shaw says people do not read
great plays—that is, plays that cause them
to think. Bernard writes the kind the
people like, all right.

Since in every other respect he proved
himself such an excellent gentleman, the
Spanish stork will be forgiven for mix-
ing his dates as he did.

Prof. Olive Brands criticizes the ten-
dency of our colleges to athletics. The
professor is an "undesirable citizen."

A burly negro who attacked a New Jer-
sey girl a few days ago was tried, con-
victed, and on his way to the penitentiary
before sundown of the following day.
Judge Lynch cannot travel fast enough
to overtake that sort of justice.

Senator Platt says he wishes to be left
alone in order that he "may enjoy life in
the flat he has taken." The Senator must
be pretty much of an optimist, after all,
to imagine he can enjoy life in a flat.

"Sh-h-h-h! Don't say a word! Three
days, all in a row! If you make a noise
about it, Gentle Annie may 'skidoo'
again!"

Suppose, firstly, Mr. Taft is elected
President; suppose, secondly, Mr. Roose-
velt is elected Senator; suppose, thirdly,
Senator Roosevelt calls to see President
Taft and President Taft happens to be
busy; and, fourthly, "Bat" Masterman,
but it is impossible to suppose what
might happen then.

"In an Ohio town sixteen women at-
tacked one man and whipped him because
he persisted in brutally beating his wife.
Anybody find fault with the ratio?" asks
the Commoner. The ratio is, perhaps, a
trifle old-fashioned, but the story does not
disclose an altogether bad state of affairs
in Ohio.

A schuetzenfest is an affair with a
queer sounding descriptive title, but as
long as Charleston, S. C., has it in charge
there are apt to be some good times going
while it is in progress.

The Johnstown (Pa.) Journal excites our
admiration. When it gets ready to pur-
loin a supply of paragraphs from The
Washington Herald, it does not take a
week to take a column or a whole page.

The Journal should enter financial circles
and become a captain of industry.

A Washington State President.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
In the Kingdom of Washington the ut-
most is a plea of insanity can do for a
murderer is to save him from the gal-
lows. Acquittal on this ground does not
mean liberation, but confinement in the
penitentiary, where the prisoner is re-
strained of his liberty as fully as though
a convict, although he occupies a differ-
ent status. Determination on this point
was reached in the case of Chester
Thompson, son of an eminent lawyer
and nephew of the late Maurice Thompson,
on whose behalf there was great in-
fluence. He had killed a man in cold
blood. Insanity was the excuse. When
the jury brought in a verdict of "not
guilty" the young man's friends sup-
posed that he would walk free, and
were astounded when the able and
conscientious Judge sent him to the
penitentiary, after refusal to let him be
sheltered in an asylum. Enforcement of
this law, it is believed, will tend to make
"insanity" less potent as the saving pre-
text of assassins.

How You Can Tell.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"Is a Democrat a turtle?" asks the
Ohio State Journal. Hardly, but the
Republican candidate who gets into
office upon a trust-built campaign fund
is a crocodile. You can tell it by the
tears he sheds about the evils of cor-
porate greed.

Poets and Meats.

From the Omaha Bee.
A New York poet's wife is suing for a
divorce because her husband wanted her
to cook a meat at 2 a. m. The average
and the redeclared poet is the pioneer
at any hour her husband will supply the
materials.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE OLD-TIMER.

"You mebbe think this spring is bad.
You oughter been alive
To see the weather that we had
The spring of '45.
The snow was banded in early May
Above our kitchen door.
We had a blizzard every day
For seven weeks or more."
Talk about snow!

"An' when at last the snow was gone,
It started in to rain.
The sods would open up at dawn
An' never close again.
A feller had to learn to swim
An' navigate an' dive,
Or it was stay at home for him
The spring of '45."
Talk about rain!

"You can't make cigars without proper
fillings."
"Hey!"
"Well, that is sometimes used."

Woman's Privilege.
"Burke's Peerage, eh?"
"Yep."
"Thinking of buying a duke?"
"No. But mother and the girls do love
to shop."

What They Wanted.
And now in sunny Spain
On tap is joy.
Let the guns boom again;
It was a boy!

Politics.
"The up-State senator claims to be op-
posed to the bill."
"Then I'll vote for it."
"Hold on, maybe that's what he's
after."

Good Guess.
"The New York papers have an extra
on the street."
"What do you suppose is in it?"
"Yesterday's news."

Exchange of Courtesies.
"How about that article you wrote es-
pecially for the Brain-Strain Magazine?"
"I didn't get the usual printed card
back with it. The editor sent a polite
note written especially for me."

Roof Garden Senso.
"Oh, come into the garden, Maude!"
And Maude said she was willing to take a
little stroll abroad, and maybe see a
killing.

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

THE OTHER GIRL.

Her little white hand lay in mine.
She smiled, looking upward at me;
Perhaps you had thought her divine,
Seen beauty that I didn't see;
I know that men say she is fair,
I might have admired her, too,
Had I, as we stood alone there,
Supposed that her love was for you.

Not a thrill did her fingers impart,
I was charmed by no word that she said;
But pain would have entered my heart
Had her cheeks, when she saw you,
Gone red.
And my heart would have leaped with
delight
If the girl who looked up in your eyes
Had cared for a moment, that night,
To lure me with two or three sighs.

Hard Luck.

"They say that when Mr. and Mrs.
Sprockens were in that shipwreck he ac-
tually fought to have his wife put in the
first boat that was lowered. Then he re-
mained and was almost the last man to
leave the sinking vessel."
"Wasn't it too bad?" remarked Mr.
Henpeck, "that after taking such pre-
cautions he and his wife had to be re-
stored to each other within three days?"

No Help for Him.

"I fear," said the poet, "that I am writ-
ing over the heads of the people."
"Can't see any help for you, old man,"
replied the critic. "You'll never be able
to have your desk in anything but an
attic."

Caught.

"Would you," he asked, "propose to a
man if you were convinced that he loved
you and was afraid to say so?"
"Ah," replied Miss Wainwright, "how
clever you are! Who else would ever
have thought of letting me know in such
an original way that he wanted me for
his own?"

By Their Works Ye May Know Them.
"Who is the sleek, prosperous-looking
man?"
"That's Josselyn. He made \$50,000 out
of a book he wrote, showing how to live
on 50 cents a week."

An Indication.

"Van Dobbis inherited a fortune, didn't
he?"
"I don't know. Why do you think he
did?"
"He has one."

Fate.

He wrote a rondeau on her arms,
A sonnet on her face;
In quatrains he described her charms,
In tercets her grace.
He wrote an octave on her hair,
A couplet on her nose;
And then he lost the maiden fair
By stepping on her toes.

Proof.

"Before I give you my answer," said the
beautiful girl, "I must be convinced that
there is no insanity in your family."
"Oh, I can prove that easily. In spite of
the fact that my grandfather was rich,
one of my uncles was hanged for shoot-
ing a man in cold blood."

When the Sowing Is Done.

Some young men seem to think it is use-
less to sow wild oats unless they can get
crowds of people to look on.

Some Day.

We all expect to leap to fame,
To mount the ladder at a bound;
Life is too short and it is tame
To merely climb up, round by round.

We all expect to wake some morn
And hear that fame has in the night
Proclaimed our worth, that we may scorn
The fools who think our merits slight.

Although we waddle through the years
And learn as little as we may,
We all expect to earn the cheers
That some men give the great—some day.

Good Handed Needed.

From the Ohio Sun.
Dispatched from Springfield, Mo., "Can-
non sees the boys." Judging from the
reputation Uncle Joe enjoys out Wash-
ington way, the boys will need to show
down pretty strong hands when he "sees"
them.

Reviving Old Memories.

From the St. Louis Republic.
The occasional train hold-up in the far
West is about all we have to remind us
of the days when the buffalo, the bear,
and the redskin dignified with the pioneer
prospector and had man the possession
of that glorious domain.

MEN AND THINGS.

Taft and the Tariff.

Secretary Taft is a tariff reformer, and
this fact will now come out a big figure
in his campaign for the Presidential nom-
ination. The Secretary was the first Re-
publican of prominence to declare out-
right and unequivocally for revision of
the Dingley schedules. He did this in a
speech in last year's campaign in Maine.
It is said that, while speaking for the
administration, the address had not been
submitted to the President for the usual
approval, and it is suggested that had
the President proceeded as observed
the President probably would have care-
fully edited that part of the speech touch-
ing on tariff reform. Mr. Roosevelt is
generally understood to be a tariff re-
former, or "readjuster," as the term goes
in the White House, but in view of the
fact that he has said nothing on this sub-
ject for publication since he has been
President, he does not think that the time
for agitation is yet come. For this reason,
it is believed that he would have
edited out of Secretary Taft's Maine
speech all reference to tariff questions.
It is known, however, that the President
was pleased with the reception his War
Minister's speech met all over the coun-
try, and for a while he felt emboldened
to take up the Tariff in his last annual
message to Congress.

It is an interesting fact that the Ohio
delegation in Congress is strongly "stand-
patt," and it is particularly noteworthy
that Senator Foraker is foremost among
the standpatters in the Senate. He has
not, however, raised this point against
Secretary Taft in the present campaign
in Ohio, though it is thought that had
he done so more encouraging headway
against the Secretary's Presidential boom
might have been made.

Got 'Em All.

In the late John Sherman's last race
for the Presidential nomination, Represen-
tative W. P. Brownlow, of Tennessee,
was made the manager of the great
Ohioan's interests in that State. Sherman
was never popular with the Republicans
of Tennessee, and Mr. Brownlow, who
was not as experienced in the political
game then as he is now, severely for-
fought. He succeeded, however, after strenu-
ous effort, in getting three Sherman men
on the delegation, one of whom was him-
self. After Sherman had been defeated
the convention he met Brownlow and
criticized the Tennessee delegation for
the poor showing made in his State.

"There were just three Sherman men
in the whole State of Tennessee," de-
clared Mr. Brownlow, in defense, "and
not every one of them on the delega-
tion."

Mr. Sherman had nothing more to say,
and he never again permitted his name to be
thought for the Presidential nomination.

Thought Him "A Sporting Man."

It has been only four years since the
Hon. Robert Johnson Wynne, who went
from the Postmaster Generalship in the
Roosevelt Cabinet to the consular general-
ship at London, was an alert and ener-
getic newspaper correspondent in Wash-
ington. He represented a morning news-
paper, and necessarily kept late hours.
He rarely got home until after midnight,
and seldom arose much earlier than noon
the next day.

Just before he quit newspaper work to
enter the service of the government, an
enumerator for the census